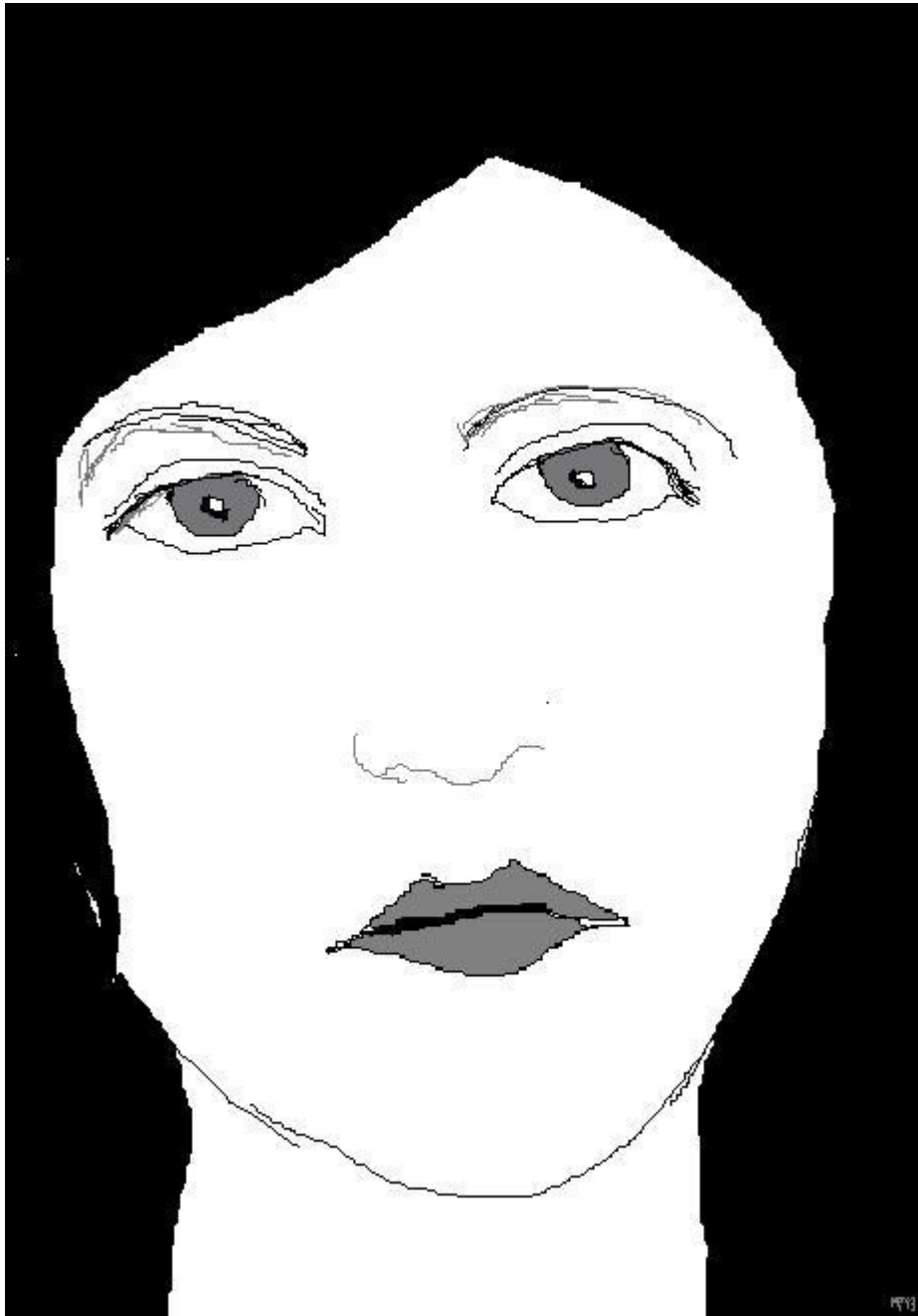


PD POETRY

DECEMBER 2016



Rosetti, by Matt Pierard

NOCTURNES, by Skipwith Cannell
OLD AND NEW YEAR DITTIES, by Christina Rossetti
THE CAVES, by John Freeman
NIGHT RHAPSODY, by Robert Nichols
YOU MAKE NO ANSWER, by Max Eastman
THE NEW MOON, by Langston Hughes
GODS, by Walt Whitman
ODE TO TRANQUILLITY, by Samuel Coleridge
AT NIGHT, by J. C. Squire
A SNOWDROP, by Harriet P. Spofford
VERSES ON A CAT, by Percy Bysshe Shelley
TO * * * *, by John Keats
XLIV, by Sappho
THE ROSY HEARTH..., by Paul Verlaine
THE PITY OF THE LEAVES, by Edwin A. Robinson
FACES, by Lola Ridge
MAC SWIGGEN - A SATIRE, by Philip Freneau
I SHOULD LIKE TO SAY TO THE WORLD, by Iris Tree
TO A WAVE, by Inez K. Hyland
XLV., by Emily Dickinson

NOCTURNES

I

Thy feet,
That are like little, silver birds,
Thou hast set upon pleasant ways;
Therefore I will follow thee,
Thou Dove of the Golden Eyes,
Upon any path will I follow thee,
For the light of thy beauty
Shines before me like a torch.

II

Thy feet are white
Upon the foam of the sea;
Hold me fast, thou bright Swan,
Lest I stumble,
And into deep waters.

III

Long have I been
But the Singer beneath thy Casement,
And now I am weary.
I am sick with longing,
O my Belovéd;
Therefore bear me with thee
Swiftly
Upon our road.

IV

With the net of thy hair
Thou hast fished in the sea,
And a strange fish
Hast thou caught in thy net;
For thy hair,
Belovéd,
Holdeth my heart
Within its web of gold.

V

I am weary with love, and thy lips
Are night-born poppies.
Give me therefore thy lips
That I may know sleep.

VI

I am weary with longing,
I am faint with love;
For upon my head has the moonlight
Fallen
As a sword.

SKIPWITH CANNÉLL

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Des Imagistes*, by Various

OLD AND NEW YEAR DITTIES

1

New Year met me somewhat sad:
Old Year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favourite things I had
Baulked of much desired:
Yet farther on my road to-day
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year coming on apace
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face; 10
You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

2

Watch with me, men, women, and children dear,
You whom I love, for whom I hope and fear,
Watch with me this last vigil of the year.
Some hug their business, some their pleasure-scheme;
Some seize the vacant hour to sleep or dream;
Heart locked in heart some kneel and watch apart.

Watch with me blessèd spirits, who delight
All through the holy night to walk in white,
Or take your ease after the long-drawn fight. 10
I know not if they watch with me: I know
They count this eve of resurrection slow,
And cry, 'How long?' with urgent utterance strong.

Watch with me Jesus, in my loneliness:
Though others say me nay, yet say Thou yes;
Though others pass me by, stop Thou to bless.
Yea, Thou dost stop with me this vigil night;
To-night of pain, to-morrow of delight:
I, Love, am Thine; Thou, Lord my God, art mine.

Passing away, saith the World, passing away:
 Chances, beauty and youth sapped day by day:
 Thy life never continueth in one stay.
 Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to grey
 That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
 I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
 Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
 On my bosom for aye.
 Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away: 10
 With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play;
 Hearken what the past doth witness and say:
 Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
 A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
 At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one certain day
 Lo, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay:
 Watch thou and pray.
 Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
 Winter passeth after the long delay: 20
 New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,
 Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
 Though I tarry wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray:
 Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day,
 My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear Me say.
 Then I answered: Yea.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and
 Other Poems*, by Christina Rossetti

THE CAVES

Like the tide--knocking at the hollowed cliff
And running into each green cave as if
 In the cave's night to keep
 Eternal motion grave and deep--

That, even while each broken wave repeats
Its answered knocking and with bruised hand beats
 Again, again, again,
 Tossed between ecstasy and pain;

Still in the folded hollow darkness swells,
Sinks, swells, and every green-hung hollow fills,
 Till there's no room for sound
 Save that old anger rolled around;

So into every hollow cliff of life,
Into this heart's deep cave so loud with strife,
 In tunnels I knew not,
 In lightless labyrinths of thought,

The unresting tide has run and the dark filled,
Even the vibration of old strife is stilled;
 The wave returning bears
 Muted those time-breathing airs.

--How shall the million-footed tide still tread
These hollows and in each cold void cave spread?
 How shall Love here keep
 Eternal motion grave and deep?

JOHN FREEMAN

NIGHT RHAPSODY

How beautiful it is to wake at night,
When over all there reigns the ultimate spell
Of complete silence, darkness absolute,
To feel the world, tilted on axle-tree,
In slow gyration, with no sensible sound,
Unless to ears of unimagined beings,
Resident incorporeal or stretched
In vigilance of ecstasy among
Ethereal paths and the celestial maze.
The rumour of our onward course now brings
A steady rustle, as of some strange ship
Darkling with soundless sail all set and amply filled
By volume of an ever-constant air,
At fullest night, through seas for ever calm,
Swept lovely and unknown for ever on.

How beautiful it is to wake at night,
Embalmed in darkness watchful, sweet, and still,
As is the brain's mood flattered by the swim
Of currents circumvolvent in the void,
To lie quite still and to become aware
Of the dim light cast by nocturnal skies
On a dim earth beyond the window-ledge,
So, isolate from the friendly company
Of the huge universe which turns without,
To brood apart in calm and joy awhile
Until the spirit sinks and scarcely knows
Whether self is, or if self only is,
For ever....

How beautiful to wake at night,
Within the room grown strange, and still, and sweet,
And live a century while in the dark
The dripping wheel of silence slowly turns;
To watch the window open on the night,
A dewy silent deep where nothing stirs,
And, lying thus, to feel dilate within
The press, the conflict, and the heavy pulse
Of incommunicable sad ecstasy,
Growing until the body seems outstretched
In perfect crucifixion on the arms
Of a cross pointing from last void to void,
While the heart dies to a mere midway spark.

All happiness thou holdest, happy night,
For such as lie awake and feel dissolved
The peaceful spice of darkness and the cool
Breath hither blown from the ethereal flowers
That mist thy fields! O happy, happy wounds,
Conditioned by existence in humanity,
That have such powers to heal them! slow sweet sighs
Torn from the bosom, silent wails, the birth
Of such long-treasured tears as pain his eyes,
Who, waking, hears the divine solitudes
Of midnight with ineffable purport charged.

How beautiful it is to wake at night,
Another night, in darkness yet more still,
Save when the myriad leaves on full-fledged boughs,
Filled rather by the perfume's wandering flood
Than by dispersion of the still sweet air,
Shall from the furthest utter silences
In glimmering secrecy have gathered up
An host of whisperings and scattered sighs,
To loose at last a sound as of the plunge
And lapsing seethe of some Pacific wave,
Which, risen from the star-thronged outer troughs,
Rolls in to wreath with circling foam away
The flutter of the golden moths that haunt
The star's one glimmer daggered on wet sands.

So beautiful it is to wake at night!
Imagination, loudening with the surf
Of the midsummer wind among the boughs,
Gathers my spirit from the haunts remote
Of faintest silence and the shades of sleep,
To bear me on the summit of her wave
Beyond known shores, beyond the mortal edge
Of thought terrestrial, to hold me poised
Above the frontiers of infinity,
To which in the full reflux of the wave
Come soon I must, bubble of solving foam,
Borne to those other shores--now never mine
Save for a hovering instant, short as this
Which now sustains me ere I be drawn back--
To learn again, and wholly learn, I trust,
How beautiful it is to wake at night.

ROBERT NICHOLS

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Georgian Poetry 1920-22*, by Various

YOU MAKE NO ANSWER

You make no answer. You have stolen away
Deliberately in that twilight sorrow
Where the dark flame that is your being shines
So well. Mysterious and deeply tender
In your motion you have softly left me,
And the little path along the house is still.
And I, a child forsaken of its mother,
I, a pilgrim leaning for a friend,
Grow faint, and tell myself in terror that
My love reborn and burning shall yet bring you--
More than friend and slender-bodied mother--
O sweet-passioned spirit, shining home!

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Colors of Life*, by Max Eastman

THE NEW MOON

There's a new, young moon riding the
hills tonight;

There's a sprightly, young moon exploring
the clouds;

There's a half-shy, young moon veiling her
face like a virgin,

Waiting for her lover.

LANGSTON HUGHES

from *The Crisis, Volume: 23-24*,
Internet Archive

GODS

Lover divine and perfect Comrade,
Waiting content, invisible yet, but certain,
Be thou my God.

Thou, thou, the Ideal Man,
Fair, able, beautiful, content, and loving,
Complete in body and dilate in spirit,
Be thou my God.

O Death, (for Life has served its turn,)
Opener and usher to the heavenly mansion,
Be thou my God.

Aught, aught of mightiest, best I see, conceive, or know,
(To break the stagnant tie--thee, thee to free, O soul,)
Be thou my God.

All great ideas, the races' aspirations,
All heroisms, deeds of rapt enthusiasts,
Be ye my Gods.

Or Time and Space,
Or shape of Earth divine and wondrous,
Or some fair shape I viewing, worship,
Or lustrous orb of sun or star by night,
Be ye my Gods.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Leaves of Grass*, by Walt Whitman

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY

Tranquility! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue, or factious rage;
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, Power divine,
Thy spirit rests! Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope,
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the accustomed mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat;
And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
The present works of present man--
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

1801.

from Project Gutenberg's *Poems of Coleridge*

AT NIGHT

Dark fir-tops foot the moony sky,
Blue moonlight bars the drive;
Here at the open window I
Sit smoking and alive.

Wind in the branches swells and breaks
Like ocean on a beach;
Deep in the sky and my heart there wakes
A thought I cannot reach.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems - First Series*, by J. C. Squire

A SNOWDROP

Only a tender little thing,
So velvet soft and white it is;
But march himself is not so strong,
With all the great gales that are his.

In vain his whistling storms he calls,
In vain the cohorts of his power
Ride down the sky on mighty blasts--
He cannot crush the little flower.

Its white spear parts the sod, the snows
Than that white spear less snowy are,
The rains roll off its crest like spray,
It lifts again its spotless star.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Golden Numbers*, by Various

VERSES ON A CAT.

[Published by Hogg, "Life of Shelley", 1858; dated 1800.]

1.

A cat in distress,
Nothing more, nor less;
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner _5
To stuff out its own little belly.

2.

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils, _10
Which like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

3.

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way; _15
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

4.

One wants society,
Another variety, _20
Others a tranquil life;
Some want food,
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

5.

But this poor little cat _25
Only wanted a rat,
To stuff out its own little maw;
And it were as good
SOME people had such food,
To make them HOLD THEIR JAW! _30

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley Vol. III*

TO * * * *

Hadst thou liv'd in days of old,
O what wonders had been told
Of thy lively countenance,
And thy humid eyes that dance
In the midst of their own brightness;
In the very fane of lightness.
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning:
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like two streaks across the sky,
Or the feathers from a crow,
Fallen on a bed of snow.
Of thy dark hair that extends
Into many graceful bends:
As the leaves of Hellebore
Turn to whence they sprung before.
And behind each ample curl
Peeps the richness of a pearl.
Downward too flows many a tress
With a glossy waviness;
Full, and round like globes that rise
From the censer to the skies
Through sunny air. Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honied voice; the neatness
Of thine ankle lightly turn'd:
With those beauties, scarce discern'd,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye
Of the little loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.
Saving when, with freshening lave,
Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave;
Like twin water lillies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin sister of Thalia?
At least for ever, evermore,
Will I call the Graces four.

Hadst thou liv'd when chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high,
Tell me what thou wouldst have been?
Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy brodered, floating vest

Cov'ring half thine ivory breast;
Which, O heavens! I should see,
But that cruel destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there;
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested:
O'er which bend four milky plumes
Like the gentle lilly's blooms
Springing from a costly vase.
See with what a stately pace
Comes thine alabaster steed;
Servant of heroic deed!
O'er his loins, his trappings glow
Like the northern lights on snow.
Mount his back! thy sword unsheath!
Sign of the enchanter's death;
Bane of every wicked spell;
Silencer of dragon's yell.
Alas! thou this wilt never do:
Thou art an enchantress too,
And wilt surely never spill
Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems 1817*, by John Keats

XLIV

O but my delicate lover,
Is she not fair as the moonlight?
Is she not supple and strong
For hurried passion?

Has not the god of the green world, 5
In his large tolerant wisdom,
Filled with the ardours of earth
Her twenty summers?

Well did he make her for loving;
Well did he mould her for beauty; 10
Gave her the wish that is brave
With understanding.

"O Pan, avert from this maiden
Sorrow, misfortune, bereavement,
Harm, and unhappy regret," 15
Prays one fond mortal.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics*, by Bliss Carman

THE ROSY HEARTH, THE LAMPLIGHT'S NARROW BEAM

The rosy hearth, the lamplight's narrow beam,
The meditation that is rather dream,
With looks that lose themselves in cherished looks;
The hour of steaming tea and banished books;
The sweetness of the evening at an end,
The dear fatigue, and right to rest attained,
And worshipped expectation of the night,--
Oh, all these things, in unrelenting flight,
My dream pursues through all the vain delays,
Impatient of the weeks, mad at the days!

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems of Paul Verlaine*, Translator: Gertrude Hall

THE PITY OF THE LEAVES

Vengeful across the cold November moors,
Loud with ancestral shame there came the bleak
Sad wind that shrieked, and answered with a shriek,
Reverberant through lonely corridors.
The old man heard it; and he heard, perforce,
Words out of lips that were no more to speak --
Words of the past that shook the old man's cheek
Like dead, remembered footsteps on old floors.

And then there were the leaves that plagued him so!
The brown, thin leaves that on the stones outside
Skipped with a freezing whisper. Now and then
They stopped, and stayed there -- just to let him know
How dead they were; but if the old man cried,
They fluttered off like withered souls of men.

from: Project Gutenberg's *The Children of the Night*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson

FACES

A late snow beats
With cold white fists upon the tenements--
Hurriedly drawing blinds and shutters,
Like tall old slatterns
Pulling aprons about their heads.

Lights slanting out of Mott Street
Gibber out,
Or dribble through bar-room slits,
Anonymous shapes
Conniving behind shuttered panes
Caper and disappear...
Where the Bowery
Is throbbing like a fistula
Back of her ice-scabbed fronts.

Livid faces
Glimmer in furtive doorways,
Or spill out of the black pockets of alleys,
Smears of faces like muddied beads,
Making a ghastly rosary
The night mumbles over
And the snow with its devilish and silken whisper...
Patrolling arcs
Blowing shrill blasts over the Bread Line
Stalk them as they pass,
Silent as though accouched of the darkness,
And the wind noses among them,
Like a skunk
That roots about the heart...

Colder:
And the Elevated slams upon the silence
Like a ponderous door.
Then all is still again,
Save for the wind fumbling over
The emptily swaying faces--
The wind rummaging
Like an old Jew...

Faces in glimmering rows...
(No sign of the abject life--
Not even a blasphemy...)
But the spindle legs keep time
To a limping rhythm,
And the shadows twitch upon the snow

Convulsively--
As though death played
With some ungainly dolls.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Ghetto and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge

MAC SWIGGEN
A SATIRE

Written 1775

Long have I sat on this disast'rous shore,
And, sighing, sought to gain a passage o'er
To Europe's towns, where, as our travellers say,
Poets may flourish, or, perhaps they may;
But such abuse has from your coarse pen fell
I think I may defer my voyage as well;
Why should I far in search of honour roam,
And dunces leave to triumph here at home?
Great Jove in wrath a spark of genius gave.
And bade me drink the mad Pierian wave,
Hence came these rhimes, with truth ascrib'd to me,
That swell thy little soul to jealousy:[145]
If thus, tormented at these flighty lays,
You strive to blast what ne'er was meant for praise,
How will you bear the more exalted rhime,
By labour polish'd, and matur'd by time?
Devoted madman! what inspir'd thy rage,
Who bade thy foolish muse with me engage?
Against a wind-mill would'st thou try thy might,
Against a giant[146] would a pigmy fight?
What could thy slanderous pen with malice arm
To injure him, who never did thee harm?[147]
Have I from thee been urgent to attain
The mean ideas of thy barren brain?
Have I been seen in borrowed clothes to shine,
And, when detected, swear by Jove they're mine?
O miscreant, hostile to thine own repose,
From thy own envy thy destruction flows!
Bless'd be our western world--its scenes conspire
To raise a poet's fancy and his fire,
Lo, blue-topt mountains to the skies ascend!
Lo, shady forests to the breezes bend!
See mighty streams meandering to the main!
See lambs and lambkins sport on every plain!
The spotted herds in flowery meadows see!
But what, ungenerous wretch, are these to thee?--
You find no charms in all that nature yields,
Then leave to me the grottoes and the fields:
I interfere not with your vast design--
Pursue your studies, and I'll follow mine,
Pursue, well pleas'd, your theologic schemes,
Attend professors, and correct your themes,

Still some dull nonsense, low-bred wit invent,
Or prove from scripture what it never meant,
Or far through law, that land of scoundrels, stray,
And truth disguise through all your mazy way;
Wealth you may gain, your clients you may squeeze,
And by long cheating, learn to live at ease;
If but in Wood or Littleton well read,
The devil shall help you to your daily bread.

O waft me far, ye muses of the west--
Give me your green bowers and soft seats of rest--
Thrice happy in those dear retreats to find
A safe retirement from all human kind.
Though dire misfortunes every step attend,
The muse, still social, still remains a friend--
In solitude her converse gives delight,
With gay poetic dreams she cheers the night,
She aids me, shields me, bears me on her wings,
In spite of growling whelps, to high, exalted things,
Beyond the miscreants that my peace molest,
Miscreants, with dullness and with rage opprest.

Hail, great Mac Swiggen![148] foe to honest fame,[149]
Patron of dunces, and thyself the same,
You dream of conquest--tell me, how, or whence?
Act like a man and combat me with sense--
This evil have I known, and known but once,[150]
Thus to be gall'd and slander'd by a dunce,
Saw rage and weakness join their dastard plan
To crush the shadow, not attack the man.

What swarms of vermin from the sultry south
Like frogs surround thy pestilential mouth--
Clad in the garb of sacred sanctity,
What madness prompts thee to invent a lie?
Thou base defender of a wretched crew,
Thy tongue let loose on those you never knew,
The human spirit with the brutal join'd,
The imps of Orcus in thy breast combin'd,
The genius barren, and the wicked heart,
Prepar'd to take each trifling scoundrel's part,
The turn'd up nose, the monkey's foolish face,
The scorn of reason, and your sire's disgrace--
Assist me, gods, to drive this dog of rhyme
Back to the torments of his native clime,
Where dullness mingles with her native earth,[151]
And rhimes, not worth the pang that gave them birth!
Where did he learn to write or talk with men?--
A senseless blockhead, with a scribbling pen--
In vile acrostics thou may'st please the fair,[152]
Not less than with thy looks and powder'd hair,
But strive no more with rhyme to daunt thy foes,

Or, by the flame that in my bosom glows,
The muse on thee shall her worst fury spend,
And hemp, or water, thy vile being end.

Aspers'd like me, who would not grieve and rage!
Who would not burn, Mac Swiggen to engage?
Him and his friends, a mean, designing race,
I, singly I, must combat face to face--
Alone I stand to meet the foul-mouth'd train,[153]
Assisted by no poets of the plain,
Whose timerous Muses cannot swell their theme
Beyond a meadow or a purling stream.--
Were not my breast impervious to despair,
And did not Clio reign unrivall'd there,
I must expire beneath the ungenerous host,
And dullness triumph o'er a poet lost.

Rage gives me wings, and fearless prompts me on
To conquer brutes the world should blush to own;
No peace, no quarter to such imps I lend,
Death and perdition on each line I send;
Bring all the wittlings that your host supplies,
A cloud of nonsense and a storm of lies--
Your kitchen wit--Mac Swiggen's loud applause,
That wretched rhymers with his lanthorn jaws--
His deep-set eyes forever on the wink,
His soul extracted from the public sink--
All such as he, to my confusion call--
And tho' ten myriads--I despise them all.

Come on, Mac Swiggen, come--your muse is willing,
Your prose is merry, but your verse is killing--
Come on, attack me with that whining prose,
Your beard is red, and swine-like is your nose,
Like burning brush your bristly head of hair,
The ugliest image of a Greenland bear--
Come on--attack me with your choicest rhimes,
Sound void of sense betrays the unmeaning chimes--
Come, league your forces; all your wit combine,
Your wit not equal to the bold design--
The heaviest arms the Muse can give, I wield,
To stretch Mac Swiggen floundering on the field,
'Swiggen, who, aided by some spurious Muse,
But bellows nonsense, and but writes abuse,
'Swiggen, immortal and unfading grown,[154]
But by no deeds or merits of his own.--
So, when some hateful monster sees the day,
In spirits we preserve it from decay,
But for what end, it is not hard to guess--
Not for its value, but its ugliness.

Now, by the winds which shake thy rubric mop,
(That nest of witches, or that barber's shop)

Mac Swiggen, hear--Be wise in times to come,
A dunce by nature, bid thy muse be dumb,
Lest you, devoted to the infernal skies,
Descend, like Lucifer, no more to rise.--
Sick of all feuds, to Reason I appeal[155]
From wars of paper, and from wars of steel,
Let others here their hopes and wishes end,
I to the sea with weary steps descend,
Quit the mean conquest that such swine might yield,
And leave Mac Swiggen to enjoy the field--
In distant isles some happier scene I'll choose,
And court in softer shades the unwilling Muse,
Thrice happy there, through peaceful plains to rove,
Or the cool verdure of the orange grove,
Safe from the miscreants that my peace molest,
Miscreants, with dullness and with rage oppress.

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Poems of Philip Freneau, Volume I*

"I SHOULD LIKE TO SAY TO THE WORLD"

I should like to say to the world:
I have launched my soul like a ship upon free waters;
Beautiful she stands in the docks with proud masts cutting
 the sky,
Perfectly poised, her white sails spreading like wings,
Her figurehead a woman with breasts that daunt the spray,
Her flag a flutter of coloured exuberance.
I should like to see her plunging out of the idle harbour
Where the sulky tide drifts scum, and the sailors wrangle and
 shout,
In a thunder of churning waves ramping before her like dappled
 stallions,
Blossoming behind her a field of etiolate lilies....

But to the mimicking, plotting, miserly, cynical,
To the rabble and gabble that dance and kill on the quay,
I can only say that my soul is a sleeping gondola
Lulled by a jester's mandolin, till night is atinkle with tunes
And lantern-lights, along the indolent backwaters.

1915

TO A WAVE

Where were you yesterday? In Gulistan,
With roses and the frenzied nightingales?
Rather would I believe you shining ran
With peaceful floods, where the soft voice prevails
Of building doves in lordly trees set high,
Trees which enclose a home where love abides --
His love and hers, a passionate ecstasy;
Your tone has caught its echo and derides
My joyless lot, as face down pressed I lie
Upon the shifting sand, and hear the reeds
Voicing a thin, dissonant threnody
Unto the cliff and wind-tormented weeds.
As with the faint half-lights of jade toward
The shore you come and show a violet hue,
I wonder if the face of my adored
Was ever held importraited by you.
Ah, no! if you had seen his face, still prest
Within your hold the picture dear would be,
Like that bright portrait which so moved the breast
Of fairest Gurd with soft unrest that she,
Born in ice halls, she who but raised her eyes
And scornful questioned, "What is love, indeed?
None ever viewed it 'neath these northern skies," --
Seeing the face soon learned love's gentle creed;
But you hold nothing to be counted dear --
Only a gift of weed and broken shells;
Yet I will gather one, so I can hear
The soft remembrance which still in it dwells:
For in the shell, though broken, ever lies
The murmur of the sea whence it was torn --
So in a woman's heart there never dies
The memory of love, though love be lorn.

Inez K. Hyland.

from The Project Gutenberg Etext of *An Anthology of Australian Verse*

XLV.

As imperceptibly as grief
The summer lapsed away, --
Too imperceptible, at last,
To seem like perfidy.

A quietness distilled,
As twilight long begun,
Or Nature, spending with herself
Sequestered afternoon.

The dusk drew earlier in,
The morning foreign shone, --
A courteous, yet harrowing grace,
As guest who would be gone.

And thus, without a wing,
Or service of a keel,
Our summer made her light escape
Into the beautiful.

from: Project Gutenberg's *Poems: Three Series, Complete*, by Emily Dickinson